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Photograph by Clifton Adams

INDIAN GODFATHER OF THE HIAWATHA STORY

Indians say Longfellow was told many legends of America's first families by this Chippewa (Ojibway) chief, already ancient when photographed in 1923 in Michigan near the Shining Big-Sea-Water. Although Hiawatha was a personage in Iroquois history, Longfellow wrapped him in Chippewa myths, possibly influenced slightly by the Chippewa chief who actually visited the poet in Cambridge (Bulletin No. 5).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Quaint Perpignan Now Seethes with Intrigue

IN ORDINARY times Perpignan, French city near the Spanish border, is just another quaint provincial capital. A few miles inland from the Mediterranean, and France's southernmost town of any importance, it has a pleasant climate which is better suited to leisure than to work.

Since the beginning of the Spanish civil war, in July, 1936, Perpignan has been often thrown into the international spotlight as a "jumping-off place" for volunteers entering Loyalist Spain, as a "grandstand" for war correspondents, and as a "storm cellar" for refugees and others from Spain seeking a haven until the trouble blows over. Its normal population of 60,000 has been increased by some 12,000 poorly dressed men, women, and children, newspaper and newsreel men, spies, French guards, adventurers, and curious sight-seers.

Usually Outshadowed by Walls of Carcassonne

Excitement and congestion seem alien and strange in this old metropolis of Catalonian France, for Perpignan has never attracted many visitors. Its few hotels and rooming places are now packed. Prices of food, fuel, and other necessities of life have skyrocketed. Its cafés and lodging houses seethe with intrigue as swarthy men come and go, to whisper and plot over their wineglasses and coffee cups.

Usually the traveler, roaming the beaten tourist paths of France so gaily described in the travel folders, goes as far south toward Perpignan as Carcassonne, to spend a few quiet days in the shadow of its medieval walls and towers, and then turns in another direction.

Yet those who have gone a bit farther south to explore Perpignan, have discovered that the city and its people offer sights, legend, and historical background that equal those of more famous resorts of Europe.

The name Perpignan, in which the *gn* is pronounced like *ny*, according to one legend came from that of a Pyrenees mountain herdsman, Pere Pinya. Life among the high peaks of the Pyrenees became boresome, so Pere turned eastward toward the Mediterranean. When he reached the Tet River, he asked the stream to direct him to the sunny plains through which it flowed to the sea.

River Guided Pere Pinya To Site

"Follow me," said the river, "and I'll show you the way." The herdsman, with all his earthly possessions aboard an oxcart, followed the tortuous river until it told him to "stop here, labor, and cultivate the earth, and I will water thy fields." He stopped, built his house, broke the soil, and thus Perpignan was born.

Little is known, however, of Perpignan's history prior to the 12th century. In the following century Roussillon Province became a part of the Kingdom of Majorca, which included all the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, and Perpignan was an important town.

Roussillon became French in 1659, when Louis XIII took up the cause of the Catalans, who rebelled against Spanish rule.

Portions of the great wall that many times defended the city, the 14th-century St. Jean Cathedral, and old houses lining narrow streets (but whose windows open upon charming gardens) recall the splendor of medieval Perpignan.

UMI

Photograph by Alexander Stewart

"THE AIR OF REPOSE AND ANTIQUITY WAS DELIGHTFUL," SAID LONGFELLOW OF BELGIUM'S BRUGES

On May 30, 1842, the American poet, on his third trip to Europe, stopped overnight in "that quaint old Flemish city," and listened "with a wild delight to the chimes that, through the night, rang their changes from the Belfry" (right). The following morning he rose before 5 o'clock, as "the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood," and climbed the belfry to hear bells and swallows singing and to view the scene. The visit is recorded in "The Belfry at Bruges" (Bulletin No. 5).

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A Silk Thread Links American Worker to Oriental Worm

THE nation's capital was invaded last month in a far-flung skirmish of the Sino-Japanese conflict—skirmishers being mainly women in what might be called the Battle of the Boycott. Advocating a boycott of Japanese silk, Washington debutantes staged a style show, "Life without Silk," displaying fashions in cotton and rayon. On the same day an anti-boycott group of Philadelphia silk workers paraded past the White House, pleading "Buy silk and save our jobs."

Whichever view the general public holds, it has suddenly realized that silk, even in such typically American manufacturers as sheer hose or pink and lacy underwear, has a broad international background.

In a representative year, 1935, to keep American silk mills rolling and American shoppers silken-clad, the United States imported raw silk from five countries: Japan, China, Italy, Switzerland, and Palestine. France, Hungary, Greece, Turkey, Spain, India, and Syria are among other silk producers.

Worm with Human Nursemaids

This vast international commerce is supported by a thread—a gossamer filament of super-spiderweb fragility, so light-as-air that one pound of it could be stretched 900 miles. It is obtained by undressing the dead silkworm—unraveling the cocoon which he has patiently spun as a dressing gown to lounge in until the worm turns into a moth. For the silkworm isn't really a worm at all, but a baby moth, a scion of the ancient and honorable family of insects.

To mistake his identity is natural, for the silkworm comes from a long line of insect magicians. Far more astounding than lifting rabbits out of a hat, he can perform the famous "hidden wing" trick—a specialty of his family. As a mere hairless creamy caterpillar he enters a cocoon with nothing up his sleeve, then emerges as an ashy white moth with a pair of antennae, two pairs of wings, and three pairs of legs.

Secret of success in the silk industry is to stop his stunt midway. If the silkworm moth is allowed to escape from his cocoon, the thread is broken and the silk almost useless. So he is drowned in boiling water as soon as his silk is spun.

As a tribute to his sacrificed life the Japanese call him "O ko sama," honorable little gentleman. His family name in the universal language of science is *Bombyx mori*, the mulberry-silk-moth, because of his marked preference for mulberry leaves. In other languages this wealth-making worm's name is spelled with a dollar mark.

Attendants Are Quiet While He Spins

To most insects, man's reactions are mainly on the angry side, ranging from irritation to murder. Only the bee and the silkworm have been domesticated. The silkworm is an honored guest in the home of man, born and bred under the same roof, fed by human hands on his favorite food, and finally he monopolizes his host's attention for constant feeding night and day. Then he rewards this hospitality by giving away the very shirt off his back—in other words, his cocoon.

The silkworm is Japan's most valuable livestock. "The honorable little gentleman" is chief breadwinner for about two million households, or 40 per cent of the country's rural population. His work supplies that country with what nature otherwise overlooked—a raw material in quantities sufficient for export. Until the past couple of years, raw silk was also the most valuable item, raw or manufactured, which that nation exported. Many might-be industrious worms, how-

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The city, however, does not live entirely in the past. Along the banks of the Tet River are parks and promenades. Among them is the famous Avenue des Platanes, a promenade vaulted by three rows of lofty trees.

Outdoor Cafés Are Numerous

Like other towns of southern France, Perpignan is a city of cafés. Even the Basse River, which flows through the city, is platformed and topped with a café.

Quaintest café district is the Place de la Loge, which is reached through the city's shadowy byways. It is only 60 feet wide, but café owners on either side have taken nearly every foot of space. There are so many tables and chairs that only a narrow passage remains in the center for pedestrians. The only way the stranger can tell where one café stops and another starts, is by the color of the gaily painted tables and chairs and the gaudy awnings overhead. The awnings almost cover the whole square when the sun is high.

In the late afternoon and evening the Place café tables are filled to the last chair. Over a single liqueur, or coffee, men sit by the hour amid the crackling of newspapers supplied by the proprietor, discussions of business men, the scratching pens of letter writers, the shuffle of cards, and the clicking of dominoes.

Note: Descriptions of the countryside in the neighborhood of Perpignan will be found in "Across the Midi in a Canoe," *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1927. See also "Andorra—Mountain Museum of Feudal Europe," October, 1933; and "Unique Republic, Where Smuggling Is an Industry," March, 1918.

Bulletin No. 1, February 21, 1938.

Photograph by Melville Chater

PERPIGNAN PLOTS ARE RIPENED OVER MIDI GRAPES

The old city lies near the vineyards of southern France which are famous the world over as sources of "châteaux wines." Such wines are produced from grapes grown on estates of ancient châteaux or castles, with peasants from the surrounding countrysides trooping into the vineyards to handle the harvest. Here freshly cut grapes are shown, in the first step of a long and distinguished career as "château wine," being carried out of the vineyard in a tub with two-carrier handles.

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Sultans Have Silver Jubilees, Too

TOM-TOMS in Africa and bugles in Britain echoed the recent celebration of the 25th anniversary of Khalifa bin Harub as Sultan of Zanzibar.

To native tribesmen, even of the far interior of Africa, the Sultan is lord of their world, of which Zanzibar city is the Mecca and Paris all rolled into one. The British, of course, have a Commonwealth interest in the Sultanate, as well as a liking for hams and stewed fruits subtly spiced with Zanzibar cloves.

Shaped roughly like a huge boat, Zanzibar "rides at anchor" 20 miles off the coast of British Tanganyika. It points its coral prow into the north. Its port side carries a cargo of tropical plants and trees; the starboard a mass of gray rock, some coral, and a few leopards, trying to feel at home in the scattered scrub growth. Life "aboard" is moist for Europeans, who drip with perspiration all year round or become drenched by constant heavy rains.

Clove Is Zanzibar's Spice of Life

The clove makes farming the island's industrial stand-by. Extensive groves of clove trees, with their shiny, evergreen leaves, cover almost half the island. The clove "bush," a tree from 30 to 40 feet high, smells even better than it looks.

Far from Zanzibar shores, 10,000 tons of native cloves cleave foreign fruits and delicate meats. And coconuts, along with the hottest pepper in the world, rice, and many fruits find ready markets at home and abroad. Maize, groundnuts, sesame, yams, various kinds of beans also are widely cultivated and exported, while tobacco is grown in quantities sufficient for home consumption only.

The coconut palm is another feature of Zanzibar's profusion of vegetation. Wealth on the island is often reckoned, especially among the poorer classes, in coconut or clove trees; the value of an estate also depends somewhat upon the number of these trees it contains.

Fishing employs many natives. Great quantities of shell-fish and clams are consumed, and particularly pleasing to the islander's palate is the cuttle fish or squid. Women knead the squid while it is still alive, in order to eliminate its acrid and poisonous juices, and then hang it up in the sunny streets to dry.

Name Is Persian for "Negro" and "Coast"

Constant wars in western Asia and valuable natural resources in East Africa led Arabs, Persians, and Indians Zanzibar-way from the earliest times until the end of the 19th century. As the island developed into a clearing house for East African trade, its gates were opened to representatives of many European countries, as well as cannibals from the Congo, Chinese and Japanese, Syrian Jews and Turks, Singhalese, Goanese, Baluchs, Egyptians, Nubians, and Ethiopians.

The bulk of Zanzibar's population, however, is a mixed race of negro stock —the Swahili. Their skin runs the gamut of browns, depending upon the amount of Asiatic blood in their veins.

Muhogo—a starchy root of the cassava plant—is bread to the Zanzibar native. There are two varieties: sweet, which is eaten raw, and bitter, or poisonous, which requires sun-drying before it is fit for human use. The bitter kind is fed largely to cattle. *Muhogo* cultivation suits the black man's temperament, for it needs little attention. Being a tuber, it can be injured by neither birds nor locusts.

Although the East African seaboard has long been dominated by Arabs, the Persians gave the island its name, derived from *zangh* (negro) and *bar* (coast).

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ever, have been deprived of a job by the advancing machine age, with its increased output of rayon. But Japan still produces 75 per cent of the world's raw silk.

Silkworm culture was kidnapped from China many centuries ago, according to tradition. One legend points to a Chinese princess smuggling moth eggs out in her headdress. Another says two Persian monks walked off with worms hidden in a hollow cane. Now the silk trade marches on, and after the silkworm has passed from the scene in clouds of steam, 42 importing countries—led by the United States—eagerly fall heir to his empty silken overcoat.

Each cocoon is about the size and shape of a big peanut shell. It may be taffy-yellow, light green, or beige, but is usually a shade of white. It consists of a single thread of silk from 500 to 1,300 yards long, matted into a soft tangle at the ends but for the most part applied in layers of microscopic figure 8's.

If startled while spinning, however, the silkworm may jerk a knot in his delicate strand; so strict quiet is maintained around him during the process. The fiber is really double, a filament from each of the worm's two spinnerets being gummed together with a waxy secretion into an extremely fine but sturdy thread.

Note: For references and photographs about silk and silkworm culture in Japan, China, and other countries see: "Horace, Classic Poet of the Countryside," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1935; "Hunting Castles in Italy," September, 1935; "Bulgaria, Farm Land without a Farmhouse," August, 1932; "Hungary, a Kingdom without a King," June, 1932; "How Half the World Works," April, 1932; "House-Boat Days in the Vale of Kashmir," October, 1929; "The Enigma of Cambodia" (Color insert), September, 1928; "Strange Habits of Familiar Moths and Butterflies," and "Where Our Moths and Butterflies Roam," July, 1927; "Farmers Since the Days of Noah," April, 1927; "Skirting the Shores of Sunrise," December, 1926; and "The Empire of the Risen Sun," October, 1923.

Bulletin No. 2, February 21, 1938.

Photograph from Alice Tisdale Hobart

SILKWORMS "CLIMBING THE HILL"

At the ripe old age of 42 days, the silkworm stops gobbling mulberry leaves and waves his front half in the air as a sign that he is ready for higher things. Human attendants put him beside a "spinning hut" of straw to climb. He winds himself into a silken shroud, pulled from internal pockets through openings in his lower lip. As soon as the hum of his spinning is silent, the cocoon is picked off and plunged into steaming water.

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Balloons Joined the Army Years Ago

THE sky's the limit for England's defense measures. Balloon brigades are now to be recruited by the Royal Air Force for the protection of London.

Balloons tethered in the air more than 30,000 feet above London, and trailing wire cables to form aerial "fences"—such will be the fantastic picture if Great Britain carries out one of her proposed plans for defense against invading airplanes. To fly high enough to surmount these barriers, reaching almost into the stratosphere, planes would have to carry heavy oxygen apparatus and few bombs.

In hanging a balloon blockade around London, British military authorities are not entering a wholly new field. Toward the close of the World War, air raids on London were made less effective by similar balloon aprons.

Even "Dummy" Balloons Have Had Place in War

Great Britain also found kite balloons an aid to her navy. Observers in a balloon, towed along several thousand feet above a destroyer, could spot a periscope or the wake of a submarine long before it was visible from the bridge.

Other balloons, harmless in themselves, floated like toys above battleships, and served to ward off submarine attacks. Although small dummies, carrying crews of dummy men, they created the illusion of large observation balloons flying at a great height.

Hundreds of captive balloons were used for observation purposes during the World War on both sides all along the Western Front. Since their contents were highly inflammable, airplanes attacked them with sky rockets instead of bullets.

Unmanned, top-shaped balloons about eight feet high, and made of paper, were sent up by the British for missionary duty. Over German lines, and to a distance of 50 miles behind them, these dropped bundles of propaganda leaflets printed in German, meant to undermine enemy morale.

Parisians Escape Siege by Balloons

Balloons were early put to a military use in France. At the battle of Fleurus in Belgium on June 26, 1794, Captain J. M. Coutelle, the world's pioneer military balloon observer, floated in his balloon, *L'Entreprenant* (The Venturesome), above the cannon flashes and smoke clouds of the opposing French and Austrian armies. By signaling with flags to the French artillery, Coutelle directed the campaign against the Austrians, and was an important factor in the French victory.

During the siege of Paris in 1870-1871, starving Parisians, reduced to eating rats and zoo animals, were cut off from supplies by Germans surrounding the city, and had no means of contact with the outside world except by balloons. Dozens of them, like great striped gourds, were hastily made in railway stations. Between September, 1870, and the following January, about sixty-eight rose from Paris, soared safely over the circle of German gunfire, and enabled 164 Parisians to escape.

One of their most famous passengers was the French statesman, Gambetta, who took the French Government with him to Tours, where he set up his headquarters and organized fresh troops which offered the Germans fierce but vain resistance. Other passengers were homing pigeons which afterward brought back news to the besieged city.

Balloons proved useful in the American Civil War. Union forces had several

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In the 16th century trade-hungry Portugal occupied Zanzibar. They were not so much interested in colonizing the island as in insuring the safety of a trade route between Lisbon and the East Indies. Portuguese settlers so lacked pioneer spirit that in less than a century the westerners gave way to Arab inhabitants. The Arabs saw the possibilities of Zanzibar and turned it into a sultanate and the chief spice island of the world. In 1890 they found it to their advantage to recognize British protection, at the same time continuing to serve a Sultan.

Note: Photographs of, and references to the Protectorate of Zanzibar and its people can be found in "The Pathfinder of the East," (Vasco da Gama) *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1927; "Cairo to Cape Town, Overland," February, 1925; "Zanzibar," August, 1912; and "The Geography of Medicine," September, 1917.

To locate this island consult The Society's New Map of Africa, which was issued as a supplement to the June, 1935, issue of *The Geographic*. Additional copies may be had for 50c (paper) and 75c (linen) postpaid, upon application to the National Geographic Society's Washington, D. C., headquarters.

Bulletin No. 3, February 21, 1938.

Photograph by F. J. Koch

MEN DO THE BUYING IN THE MARKET AT ZANZIBAR

Patrons under umbrellas inspect oranges, coconuts, and other products ripened by the East African tropical sun. Costumes consist of usual tropical white, with such gaudy variations as a bright print (lower right). Not until 1828, when Seyyid Said the Arab sailed to Zanzibar, did the principal town develop into the striking capital that it is today. Its winding, narrow-gauge streets teem with busy merchants. Brilliant sunshine paints purple shadows in dark entries to light boxlike houses (upper right). Massive doors open on mysterious stairways and offer glimpses into sun-streaked courtyards and bright gardens. Peacocks preen on ruined walls, and strange stringed instruments make weird music behind barred windows.

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Longfellow: Myth-Maker for the American Map

DO THE Falls of Minnehaha "flash and gleam among the oak trees," where Hiawatha found the dark-eyed daughter of the ancient arrow-maker? Hardly ever. Is Nova Scotia dark with the "forest primeval" of Evangeline's "thatch-roofed village"? No. Do the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, stand like Druids of old" in Canadian Acadie? No. Was the old stone Round Tower outside Newport, R. I., a hide-away for Viking bold and his kidnaped princess bride, as revealed by the hollow tones of a "Skeleton in Armor"? Who knows?

Though certainty is lacking, such impressions flourish on the authority of that romantic "geographer," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He built, just a little above the ground floor of reality, a poetical "second story" of geography over eastern North America. Stories he planted on the literary map a century ago have grown into tourist attractions on the road maps of today. Priscilla Alden tea rooms, Evangeline inns, and Hiawatha streamlined locomotives show that people will travel far for the glamor added to geography by a galloping poem read in the third grade.

Longfellow's birthday, February 27, provides an occasion for reviewing the scenes that shaped his thoughts and also the scenes he re-shaped with legend.

Four Longfellow Homes Are "Footprints on the Sands of Time"

Some make their Longfellow pilgrimage to homes of the poet himself, peopled by memories of an actual moody youth, later an earnest young college professor, finally the patriarchal white-bearded poet. Seeking his "Lost Youth," they enter "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea"—Portland, Maine—and follow the "pleasant streets" to a three-story green frame house on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, where Longfellow was born in 1807.

While still a tiny but "active rogue," he was bundled up and carried about a dozen blocks away to grow up in the stately home of his Wadsworth grandparents. "Across its antique portico, tall poplar trees their shadows throw" today, for this first brick house in Portland maintains its spacious dignity in a walled garden despite street cars rattling past the door. In the poet's den, his desk stands between two windows from which he watched a certain "Rainy Day," and was inspired to write his cheer-up-and-live advice:

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, sheltered two stages of Longfellow's career—his student days and his debut as a language teacher. His home for a while was the elm-shaded house on Federal Street facing the campus.

The true Longfellow flavor, however, rich and homely as cream, is concentrated in the Craigie-Longfellow House, 105 Brattle Street, Cambridge—close enough to Boston for the poet to "walk to town" with many a meditative stop on the bridge at midnight to think of "care-encumbered men." In a square, yellow house with white pillars and roof-railing, Longfellow occupied what had once been General Washington's room, then turned it over to the three "blue-eyed banditti" who regularly robbed their father's busy day of "the Children's Hour." Here he listened to "Voices of the Night," and prophesied with a boldness that has echoed through school rooms in fifteen languages:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal."

Blacksmith's Spreading Chestnut Tree Chopped Up into Poet's Armchair

Pupils today may expect gasoline filling stations to spare the "spreading chestnut tree" where "the village smithy stands." But to widen Brattle Street, Cambridge, in 1876, long before the motor age, the tree was felled. Local school children presented pieces of it to the poet in an armchair for his study.

The region where Longfellow spent his life he portrayed in verse—with a few revisions. New England he made a place of high principles, grim tragedy, and strenuous patriotism. The gale-tossed schooner *Hesperus*, wrecked on the dark rocks called Norman's Woe, still haunts Gloucester Harbor waters, although a black bell buoy now guards the reef. April moonlight in Boston is tense with the watchfulness of the Revolution's own messenger boy, Revere.

Plymouth was scene of a friendship, as staunch as the storied Rock, between girl-shy Standish and John Alden, Longfellow's ancestor. But in spite of all the Puritanism of Plymouth, Longfellow and Priscilla gathered enough unmaidenly courage to urge, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

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from which hovering observers looked down with all-seeing eyes on Confederate forts and camp fires. News of Confederate departures, bridge-building operations, or other supposedly secret military maneuvers were immediately telegraphed to Union headquarters over a wire to the ground. This was the first time that war dispatches had been telegraphed from the air.

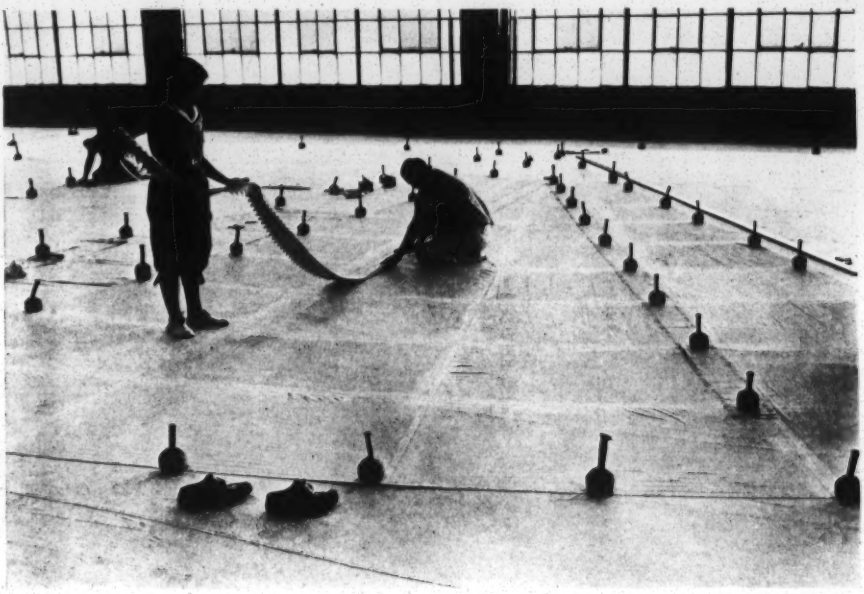
Balloons Made of Women's Dresses

Realizing the advantage of an observation balloon, but too poor to buy one, the Confederate Army collected silk dresses from Richmond women and made a patchwork balloon, like Joseph's coat of many colors—striped, plaid, and flower-sprigged.

The Southern belles made their sacrifices in vain, for their ball gowns, sewed together and oiled and varnished, made only one ascent before the balloon was captured by the Federals. A scrap of this balloon, brown and shredded with age, is preserved in the aeronautical exhibit of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D. C.

Note: See also "First Natural Color Photograph Taken in the Stratosphere," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1937; "Man's Farthest Aloft," January, 1936; "Exploring the Stratosphere," October, 1934; "Flying," May, 1933; "Ballooning in the Stratosphere," March, 1933; "Ohio, The Gateway State," May, 1932; "The First Airship Flight Around the World," June, 1930; "The First Alaskan Air Expedition," May, 1922; "Helium, The New Balloon Gas," May, 1919; and "Flying in France," "Tales of the British Air Service," and "Building America's Air Army," January, 1918.

Bulletin No. 4, February 21, 1938.



Photograph by Edwin L. Wisherd

BUILDING A MODERN BALLOON IS A FAR CRY FROM STITCHING TOGETHER OLD SILK DRESSES

Construction of the bag of stratosphere balloon *Explorer*, of the National Geographic Society-U. S. Army Air Corps Stratosphere Expedition of 1934, was a matter of science and cement instead of needle and thread. Sections of the fabric were pasted together with rubber cement and the seams covered with reinforcing tape, shown in the hands of the operators. Work shoes (lower left) were discarded for soft cloth slippers for use on the fabric. Windows are sealed, and the atmosphere is air-conditioned for cleanliness and evenness of temperature. In this Akron, Ohio, factory also the world's largest free balloon, *Explorer II*, was built.

A flavor of "ampler hospitality" lives on today at the Wayside Inn, on the old Boston Post Road outside the town of Sudbury. Poetry has rescued this inn that commerce was neglecting, and today still "the Red Horse prances on the sign."

Looking down on the South from far above the Mason-Dixon line, Longfellow portrayed it as a region populated mainly by mournful slaves, who either sang psalms at midnight, or dreamed of Africa and died instead of wielding the sickle on ungathered rice. Geographical feature was for him the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, where escaping slaves hid from bloodhounds.

His farthest westward venture was into the Hiawatha country, "by the shores of Gitche Gumee"—the shining Big-Sea-Water of Lake Superior. There is no wigwam of Nokomis near the black and gloomy pine trees, where little Hiawatha was rocked in his "linden cradle, bedded soft in moss and rushes." If the Indian hero today should set out "in his birch canoe exulting" to catch Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes (the sturgeon), he might have difficulty steering clear of lake barges.

That Hiawatha *did* live there once is proved, according to Longfellow, by the desert strip of great sand dunes, from 50 to over 100 feet high, along the lake shore. They were created when Pau-Puk-Keewis dancing at Hiawatha's wedding started a whirlwind.

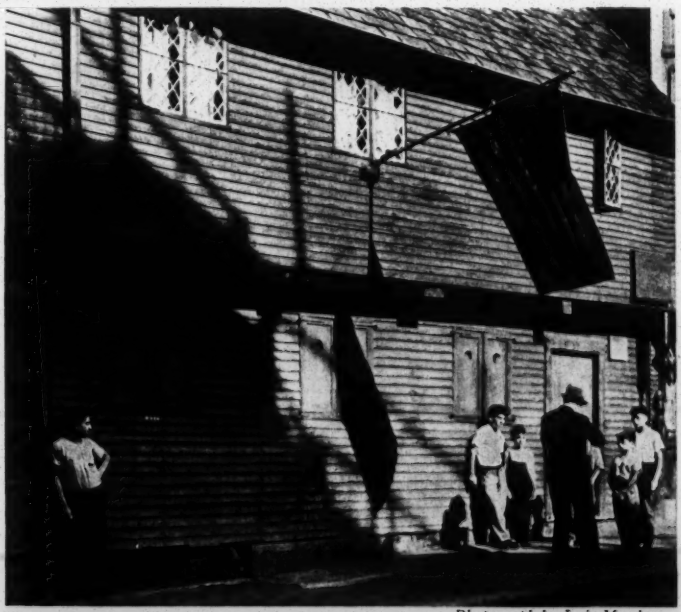
Longfellow's "Evangeline zone" stretches from the Canadian village of Grand Pré southward along the Mississippi to the Bayou Teche region of the "Eden of Louisiana." High spots along the way are the Ozark Mountains, Lake Atchafalaya, where the separated lovers just missed each other's boats, and Philadelphia, where Evangeline finally found Gabriel and died.

Shorter stories came back with Longfellow from his three trips to Europe. He watched and wrote his way through Spain, France, Belgium (illustration, inside cover), The Netherlands, down the Rhine through Germany, over Switzerland, Italy, and the Scandinavian countries. He is still in England—in effigy, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

His travels ended as did his work at Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, on the final Hiawatha-like journey "To the regions of the home-wind . . . to the land of the Hereafter."

Note: See also "America's First Settlers, the Indians," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1937; "Boston Through Midwest Eyes," July, 1936; "Maine, the Outpost State," May, 1935; "Minnesota, Mother of Lakes and Rivers," March, 1935; and "Louisiana, Land of Perpetual Romance," April, 1930.

Bulletin No. 5, February 21, 1938.



Photograph by Luis Marden

MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE WAS A ROUND TRIP FROM HERE

Longfellow's "Listen, my children, and you shall hear . . ." has dramatized one American patriot into a popular hero to the exclusion of his two equally patriotic comrades on the ride. Revere's home at 19 North Square, Boston—perhaps the oldest building standing in the city—preserves an antique flavor of dark, small-windowed rooms, huge fireplaces, and winding wooden stairs. Here are souvenirs of Revere's two wives, sixteen children, and varied careers of bell-founder, printer, silversmith, dentist, copper and pewter smith, gunpowder manufacturer, and patriotic messenger boy.

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